A

STATEMENT OF FACTS

RELATIVE TO

The Standfasts and The Runaways,

OR,

SAMMY CREON's PAMPHLET TURN'D RIGHT SIDE OUTWARDS,

BY

JOB CREON, A TAYLOR;

ADDRESSED TO

THE MECHANICS AND FARMERS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

A STITCH IN TIME
SAVES NINE.

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STATEMENT OF FACTS

RELATIVE TO

The Standfasts and The Runaways, &c.

I, JOB CREON by trade a Taylor—was, for the first time in my life—in the Gallery during the latter days of the last General Assembly, and there I met with an acquaintance—an elderly Gentleman who had attended throughout the whole Session.

Job—says he to me—set down my man, and I'll tell you what's going forward—so down I sat—and he began thus—

"A number of the men who were chosen se-
"ven years ago to represent the different Coun-
"ties in this Province, have employed themselves
"pretty steadily, in endeavoring to kick up a
"dust—to quarrel with the Governor, and the
"Council—and to remove the seat of Govern-
"ment, &c. &c. But now the dissolution of the
"House draws near, they squeak (as the saying
"is). Finding that their opposers were prepar-
"ing to bring forward some matters of great im-
"portance to the Province, they foresaw that if
"they gave their votes against the real and true
"interest of the people so immediately before
"an Election, they would stand no chance of
"being chosen again, and they knew that if they
"departed from their old system, they would be

" taxed with inconsistency: In this dilemma—
" (like fellows of true spunk) they determined to
" turn tail to, and run away—And this says the
" old man, is the foundation of the present dis-
" tinction—In future you'll hear no more of
" Whigs and Tories—Loyalists and Jacobins—
" We shall all be, either Standfasts or Runaways,
" and pray says he, Job—which party do you
" mean to belong to?" To the Standfasts says I Daddy—as long as I can stand at all, for altho' 'tis observed that a Taylor is but the ninth part of a man—I feel too much for the honor of the Corps, ever to allow myself to enlist on the side of the Runaways.—And from that very instant I made up my mind to speak—ay and to write too—Who's afraid—on the side of the Standfasts, and I do hereby stand forth as a Champion for the Taylors, to answer Sam Creon's book. Yes, Mr. Printer, I—even I, Job Creon Taylor, am also a man of observation, and I would willingly communicate for the information of my brother Taylors, and all other Tradesmen—" the lights I
" derive from a cool and dispassionate attention
" to those matters in which the Public appear
" to be materially interested"—Bang! my boys—Are not these fine words? They are Sam Creon's own.

But to go on regularly, I must inform you that the old Gentleman told me a Tuesday, all that was to happen on Wednesday, Job says he,
" Do you see a little short-legged thing there,
" that looks like A Creeper-Cock, and buzzes and
" whizzes about like a bottle-ars'd fly? One of
" the Questions which is to come forward is con-

"cerning him—He belongs to the Runaways, "but he stayed behind with one or two others, "for particular reasons which I'll explain to you "by and by." Thus my brethren of the bodkin, I have fairly introduced myself to you, and I have intimated as plainly as is necessary to men of your sagacity—that the Creeper-Cock is Sammy Creon, I shall therefore proceed and take into consideration the 3d paragraph of his book, which begins half way down the 4th page; and if I am abrupt in changing from an argument to a Pun, lay it not to me—lay it to Sam—who was so eager to shew his wit—that his argument—"Like Richard the 3d at Bosworth-Field, was "completely unhorsed." I understood says he "that some great Lawyers were of opinion that "any number of Members could resolve themselves into a House competent to the exercise "of all those functions to which heretofore thirteen had been thought absolutely necessary."

Once there was a man that had a wife, and she was a scold, and she dy'd as he suppos'd—and he ordered her to be nail'd up very secure,—and then he began snickering like a fool, but in the midst of his exultation, open flew the Coffin, and the first intelligence he had of Her resurrection was a lick in the head, which lay'd him flat on his back—and all the neighbors laugh'd at him. In like manner the Runaways thought that the House as soon as they were off—would be dead as a clod, but (as Sammy says) a resurrection took place from a Coffin, which overset their whole project—the story—circulated thro' the town, and a general satisfaction prevailed, ex-

cept in one—little—dirty Street. Allow me here to imitate Sammy's example in a short digression for the purpose of making a comparison and praising myself—Sam Creon tho' a Lawyer could make but one miserable pun out of all this stuff—I Job Creon a Taylor, have cut out two—made 'em up and fitted 'em completely, and I have cabbag'd a little towards making a third. The devil's in't then if I have not the best of it so far as goes to the witty part.—Now my lads prepare yourselves for a touch of solid argument.

Supposing five Taylors were engag'd to make a quantity of cloaths on the same Board, and that when the plain-work was all finish'd and they came to the button holes—three of the varlets should run away—Would not it be for the credit of the shop if the other two stay'd and finished the work? This is a case in point. Never was such a ridiculous parade of hard-words and nonsense as Sam Creon has made use of to delude us into the mistake that thirteen Members were "absolutely requisite" for the formation of a House in this Province for the dispatch of business—Put your common sense to work, and you'll see the absurdity of such an assertion, in one moment—Why—if this doctrine were admissible—Thirteen Governors and Thirteen Counsellors (at least) would be *absolutely requisite* to the passing of every Law—for—The King's Representative—and the Council are distinct Branches of the Legislature, and are of as much importance in proportion to their numbers as "the "great and dignified body" to which the Creeper-Cock belongs. The conclusion then fairly is,

that the Standfasts by staying to finish the business completely saved the Country from disgrace.

What Sam Creon says about a House of Assembly's being the Constitutional Grand-Jury of the Province is a downright insult offered to our understanding; beside the infamy of the attempt to impose upon us by a falshood in saying that *thirteen* are necessary to make a Grand-Jury, when every School-Boy knows that *twelve* are sufficient; What connection—What similitude—is there between a House of Assembly—and a Grand-Jury? Every Journeyman Taylor in the Country is competent to answer—*None.* The one is instituted for the purpose of making Laws—the other (in their place) are to enforce those Laws—To be sure the Constitution which guards our rights so tenderly, and makes no distinction between Taylors and Members of a General Assembly—requires that a Grand-Jury shall consist at least of—twelve—but in its wisdom it has *not* decreed that thirteen, or even twelve Judges shall be necessary to punish offenders. In short (as we must suppose that Sam Creon knows better) we have a right to conclude that this is a base—Electioneering attempt to mislead and deceive the ignorant and unwary. In the next sentence in page 7—Sam has let the cat out of the bag. It had been observed says he by the senior Member of King's County (after the Coffin was open'd) "That there was *no Law* which restrained a "smaller number of Members from the full ex-"ercise of the functions of that House"—and to this Sammy Creon says—"He would only reply "that Laws were not originally made for *restrain-*

"*ing men of honor and probity*—but for persons "of a very different description." Very pretty truly—Let us see how *this* will work.

"READ AND RECEIVE LIGHT."

All the Members of the House are men of honor and probity—*undoubtedly*—they therefore are not to be restrained by the Laws—no indeed—The Laws were made to restrain Farmers, and Taylors and Mechanics—Your humible servant Samuel Creon, Esquire. If you don't feel a little heat in your face at this display of your presumption, I Job Creon, Taylor, have handled a Goose to very little purpose. The remainder of the Pamphlet is calculated for nothing else but to evince the consummate ostentation and vanity of the Creeper-Cock. The initials of his real name St——t, are introduced in half a dozen places. Mr. St——t then arose—Mr. St——t made a motion; Every body was astonished at the assurance of Mr. St——t. Mr. St——t made another motion which was seconded by Major D——n, a respectable veteran of the half pay List. Do you my dear bretheren by chance know this Mr. St——t and his Veteran? If you do—pray attempt to realize what a formidable phalanx these two must have presented to the *Standfasts*—Do you wonder that "the Cham-"pions were *shock'd*." Surely a more shocking, ill-match'd, unnatural pair never made an appearance on any stage. I would undertake to describe 'em—but if I were to do justice to the subject I should be censur'd as an ill-natur'd fellow—The contrast in *externals*—(which by the way—they can't help)—and a variety of other circum-

stances—open such a vast field that I dare not trust myself in it all alone. Nor would I have made any remarks upon a weak old man had not this Mr. St——t placed him in a situation so very conspicuous. This Veteran who has thus been lugg'd in head and shoulders, is—literally, *an apology from the County of Westmoreland for not sending a fourth Representative.* They have three lawful Members, and they think *that* sufficient—but as they are required to send four—and this man's absence is considered as an occasional relief to the neighbourhood from a tongue that is eternally running in a head that is truly a Caput Mortuum—they have hitherto "honored him with their suffrages," but for the credit of that respectable County 'tis to be hoped they will keep their laughing-stock at home for the future. This antiquated dry-nurse to a Creeper, was the only thing that could be found to second the motion of Mr. St——t when he *arose*—Look at the motion itself and you will find it as unmeaning as if he had jump'd up and cry'd cock-a-doodle-doo. There is no accounting for it on any other principle but that some part of the House—"were "taken by surprise."

I have already mentioned the shock which the Standfasts received—so that I am arrived to the bottom of the 8th page where Sam says he must digress a little—Never mind—Boys—I'll after him. He repeats once more that he is a man of observation—What of that—So is Job—Then, he discovers how wonderfully he is nettled again at considering the "prepossessing address "of a certain young Member of the House"—whose manners as a Legislator—Sammy Creon

does not seem to admire. He complains grievously against him for making a motion to take the opinion of the Judges on the question then in debate. This is an instance of modesty which could not fail to disgust a man like Sammy Creon, in whose composition there is not one particle of such a virtue. At the end of his Book you will find a shameful and laborious effort to prove that a consultation of this kind was unparliamentary—but he has been so handled by A Freeholder, and others on this subject that there's no necessity for me to say a word upon it—Indeed I acknowledge it to be above my cut. Read the Freeholder and receive Light, my brethren. The latter part of the paragraph towards the bottom of page 9, puzzles me confoundedly—I can make nothing of it, except an acknowledgment that Sammy is a simpleton—that he never met with any difficulty in the science of blundering, and that he wishes—The Devil was "blinded "with snuff."—So does Job.

But if you want to see Bombast in a Goe-Cart, —read the next sentence carefully—I recommend it to the particular perusal of all my dear Sisters of the Mantua-Making breed. Oh! that it might ever fall to my lot to behold two of your amiable society in conjunction with a Creeper-Cock, dancing a reel after curiosity, and learning from that sweet little animal, The art of sinking.

Here you have it—Ladies.

"Curiosity has led me many a dance, and upon "this occasion it had taken full possession of my "poor devoted fabric of mortality: to my post "it hurried me on Thursday full of speculative "expectation."

Do you know what that is—Ladies?

"The day seemed to be portentious of some great "event—all was darkness, till about half past "two in the afternoon when the Speaker took the "Chair."

Page 10, is taken up with motions, &c. as follows: Mr. St——t moved to count the House.

The Member for Queen's and his colleague retired to Otium.

The man with an iron mask catch'd cold.

A motion was then made by Mr. St——t and seconded by the firm old nursy—and opposed by every body else.

A message came from the Council which was read and concurred in, except by The Creeper and Nursy—The former made a speech and declared he would not say either Yea—or—Nay.—Nursy stuck to him like a tick, and say'd exactly the same words. Was not this bold?

A message then came in from the Council requesting a conference on a Bill for raising a Revenue, &c. to which every body agreed again except Mr. St——t and Major D——n, the former of whom desired to be heard—and while he was speaking Captains Ag——w and M'L——e hurried out.—This is an accident which happens (I am told) very frequently, when the Creeper arises—and it is carried so far that gentlemen who frequent the Gallery—make some little allowance to the door-keeper for coming out of the House to tell them when the Creeper is down—they are so overcome with his oratory that they can't stay but a little while at a time.

With respect to the business of the Money-

Bill, I'll give you the very words that came from the lips of the friend to whom I have so often referred—He is a little hot in his temper and you must make allowances: Daddy says I what is the dispute about this Bill?—He look'd as red as fire—Job says he—"It is neither more nor less "than—a damn'd scandalous trick—I'll tell you "a fact—says he—Before the breath was out of "the body of the late worthy Clerk Hedden—"This Creeping, cringing fellow sent a message "post haste to the Governor to solicit the office "of Clerk to the House. Had he succeeded you "would not have heard a word from that quar-"ter respecting the privileges of the House or the "prerogative of the Crown in that particular in-"stance, but as he failed—the man who origi-"nally shoved him into the House of Assembly, "made an experiment to shove him into the "Clerkship, but he did not find the people with "whom he had now to deal—quite so servile and "accommodating as the inhabitants of Sunbury "were at the hustings. When the Bill was brought "forward the Runaways dare not make an oppo-"sition to it openly—there were too many folks "in the Gallery—but they made use of a strata-"gem to stop its effects which will disgrace them "forever—they crammed into it the name of "Samuel Denny Street, Esquire—With an al-"lowance of 20l. or 30l. as Clerk—knowing at "the same time that the Council could not pass "the Bill in that way"—And then says the old gentleman (with great animation)—"Regardless "of all the distressing consequences which must "have resulted to the Country, they like a drove

" of ill-advised truant boys—Ran away. But the " Standfasts—satisfied that there was no law, or " rule of the House—or usage which forbad them " to take the matter into consideration—caused " the Bill to be amended, and the name of " Samuel Denny Street, Esquire, to be expunged, " and by this means we now enjoy the benefits of " the Revenue—We feel it Job in our roads—in " our schools, and in all our public operations— " and those huckstering—smuggling Members " who expected to pocket the whole sum were " most wonderfully disappointed." And now Mr. Samuel Creon if you will point out an instance where the Members of a British House of Commons did thus desert their public duty—I will allow you to introduce your artful quotations, till then—no rational tradesman will apply them to the case before us—nor will any man of discernment consider them as conclusive. Can you possibly expect to deceive such men as your friend Israel by sophistry so gross?

Don't you suppose that those eagle-ey'd Yankies will discover the fallacy of your reasoning and that they will despise you for the attempt? Rely on it Sammy you have dirty'd your own nest—as the saying is—and you must depend at the next Election solely on the power of your *Lord* and *Master*—If this fails—You may strip off your mask of Gauze (thro' which your cadaverous countenance has always been plainly seen) —and retreat to the Elysian Fields, where in a private station you may avoid contempt and enjoy what you call *Otium.*

I come now to the 14th page which contains

a sort of address—In humble imitation whereof Brother Taylors, and Brethren of all other professions—I entreat you to hearken for a moment. We are all Loyal subjects.

Let us then place our confidence in those men who honorably exert themselves to support the Government under which we live and enjoy comfort and happiness.

—Some of us—Sammy says—have shed our blood in support of this Constitution, and I presume he would have done the same if the war had happened to come into that part of the Country where he was. We are now upon the eve of Electing Representatives—Let us look out for those who will not desert us in an hour of difficulty and embarrassment—Let us not be humbugged, or as the Pamphleteer charmingly expresses it—Let us frown indignant upon any artful—Sycophant who shall run with his cap in his hand to a great-man to seek for an appointment before it becomes vacant, and who for the sake of a pitiful salary would sacrifice the privileges of his Constituents. What do you call this but bartering power for the promotion of private views and interests? With the same caution we will avoid those insidious pedants who rake among old books and pick and cull a parcel of trumpery for the purpose of imposing upon those of us whom in the fulness of their arrogance they are pleased to call the vulgar. Let plain-English and common-sense be our guides.

Do you credit Sam Creon when he declares "That he does not write to promote the interest "of any particular persons or proposed candi-

" dates for your future confidence, but to prevent " your being cajoled, &c." When I see a Camel trot through the eye of my Needle—I'll believe these fine words, but not before.

There's nothing left of all Sam's Pamphlet to be considered except the three last authorities as he calls 'em. In these quotations he has evidently the advantage of me for (tho' I belong to a sedentary profession) I have but one book on the face of the earth—From that I will extract two verses as a match for Sammy's *first*.

" Nevertheless the Lord raised up Judges, " which delivered them out of the hand of " those that spoiled them.

" And yet they would not hearken unto " their Judges, but they went a whoring after " other gods, and bowed themselves unto them: " they turned quickly out of the way which " their fathers walked in, obeying the com- " mandments of the Lord; but *they* did not so."

Judges, chap. ii. verses 16 and 17.

Sammy, *next* quotes King Charles's speech at Newark, which is introduced as awkardly, and to as little purpose as King Richard's horse was in the beginning of the book. They may both stand ty'd together for any thing I care.

The 3d is in the following words—" The dif- " ference between an Act of Parliament, and an " ordinance in Parliament, is, for that the ordi- " nance wanteth the *three-fold* consent, and is " ordained by one or two of them." This three-fold consent is the requisite which Sammy's twenty pound allowance wanted to render it valid.

Before I take my leave, I would explain to

you that string of abbreviated words and figures which is placed at the end of this last quotation, but I suppose it to be Latin and I don't pretend to understand that language, I am however inclined to think that it means* Cock's Insect with 25 pair of legs.—Remember I am not positive—and if I should be wrong, it's not of one farthings consequence to you or me.

The application of these authorities is too obvious to need any comment from

JOB CREON.

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* *Coke's Inst. 25. Lex. par. 365.*

FINIS.